

I am delighted to use this National Public Works Week to thank them for their diligent and continued service.

NAMING OF THE JACK C. MONTGOMERY HOSPITAL

Mr. COBURN. Mr. President, I am proud as we approach this Memorial Day that we will have occasion to celebrate the renaming of the Department of Veterans Administration Hospital in Muskogee, OK, after a true American hero—Congressional Medal of Honor winner, and Cherokee, Jack C. Montgomery.

I would first like to thank a fellow member of the Oklahoma congressional delegation, Congressman DAN BOREN of Oklahoma's 2nd District, for his diligent work in bringing this important matter to a successful conclusion. This legislation has been cosponsored by the rest of the Oklahoma delegation and also has garnered the strong support of Oklahoma's major veterans' service organizations.

H.R. 3829 pays tribute to the heroism of Mr. Montgomery, who was awarded the highest honor bestowed by our Nation upon a member of the armed services for his courageous actions on February 22, 1944, during the Italian campaign of the Second World War. On this date, Montgomery's platoon had sustained intense fire near Padiglione, Italy, from three echelons of enemy forces, at which point Montgomery displayed a singular act of courage by attacking all three positions himself and taking prisoners in the process. After witnessing this tremendous display of courage, Montgomery's men rallied and defeated the enemy.

In addition to being only one of five Native Americans to be awarded the Medal of Honor, Lieutenant Montgomery was also awarded the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, and the Purple Heart with an Oak Leaf Cluster. Upon his release from the U.S. Army, Montgomery continued his service to our Nation by beginning work with the Veterans Administration in Muskogee where he remained for most of his life.

Mr. Montgomery is survived by his wife Joyce, and I am hopeful the President can sign this bill into law in swift fashion.

In conclusion, as we do pause this Memorial Day to remember those who sacrificed so that we may remain free, I can think of no veteran more worthy of our gratitude than Jack C. Montgomery.

ADDITIONAL STATMENTS

KENYON COLLEGE GRADUATION

• Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, this month I was lucky to have the chance to address the 178th graduating class of Kenyon College in Gambier, OH.

I wanted to introduce my remarks into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD because it was such an honor to be there to share in this graduation ceremony.

In Gambier I met some of the most passionate, dedicated, involved young Americans out there, and I know that as graduates they will go from being student activists to citizen activists.

In advance of my speech, I also had the chance to meet in my office with many recent Kenyon alumni who shared a deep pride and genuine excitement about the role Kenyon plays in their lives even to this day. I was lucky to spend this time with young people—Democrats, Republicans, and Independents—who affirm anyone's faith in the vibrancy of our democracy and the young people who will shape its future. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that my remarks be printed in the RECORD.

The remarks follow.

Class of 2006—fellow survivors of November 2, 2004. I'm happy to be here at this beautiful school, which had my admiration long before that night when the country wondered whether I would win—and whether you would vote.

Your website has a profile of a very smart math major in the class of 2006. Joe Neilson. He said that once, after a statistics course here, he realized “the probability of any event in our lives is about zero.” “I probably spent a week,” Joe said, “annoying my friends by saying: ‘What are the odds?’” Well Joe, what were the odds that we'd be linked by those long hours—not that I keep track—560 days ago? Like everyone that night, I admired the tenacity of Kenyon students. But what you did went far beyond tenacity.

My wife, Teresa, is honored by the degree you grant her, today. But she's also here to honor you because when you grow up in a dictatorship as she did, when you don't get a chance to vote until you're thirty-one, when you see your father voting for the first time in his seventies, you know what a privilege it is to cast a ballot.

Through that long night, we in Massachusetts watched you in Gambier. We were honored. We were inspired. We were determined not to concede until our team had checked every possibility. If you could stay up all night to vote, we could certainly stay up that next day to make sure your vote would count. In the end, we couldn't close the gap. We would have given anything to have fulfilled your hopes.

And I also thank those who cast a ballot for my opponent. I wish all Republicans had been just like you at Kenyon—informed, willing to stand up for your views—and only 10 percent of the vote. Actually, all of you, through your patience and good humor showed Americans that politics matters to young people. And so I really do thank every student here.

I especially want to thank someone who isn't a student. Because at the meeting Hayes was kind enough to mention—and I did take notes—the alums made it clear how much they'd been influenced by great friends, great teachers. Or a great coach.

I know what it's like to be on a team before an important game. I know how crucial that last practice can be. For the field hockey team, that November 2nd was the last day before the Oberlin game. Winning meant getting into the league championship—and from there to the NCAA's. So I can understand why players were upset after hours waiting in line at the polling place that afternoon. When Maggie Hill called her coach to ask if she should come back to practice—you'd expect the coach to say “you better believe it.”

This coach had a different reaction. “I'll cancel practice,” she said, “and I'm sending

the whole team to vote.” In that one moment she became a hero to me, and an example to many. It takes a special coach to know there are more important things than a big game. We should all express our gratitude to Robin Cash. Her values are the values of Kenyon.

By the way, for parents who may not remember—Kenyon played brilliantly—and won that Oberlin game 3-zip.

Now, it's not as if seeing brilliance here at Kenyon is a surprise. Like everybody, I know that when you look at a resume and see a Kenyon degree, you think, “Smart. Committed. Good writer.” And maybe, “Likes to see a lot of stars at night.”

But there's more. The Kenyon alums I met with were so eloquent about what it meant to be here, where all your friends live, study, and play along a one mile path in a town surrounded by cornfields. One said, “I came here on a cold, rainy October, but after my interview I saw professors having coffee at the deli, and heard everybody so excited about the Tom Stoppard play they were putting on—I fell in love with the place.” Someone else said, “Intelligent conversation permeates the whole campus.” Another said—and I don't think he was kidding—“Nobody gets drunk at Commencement.”

We talked until I got dragged into an intelligence briefing from the White House. Believe me, I learned more at the Kenyon meeting.

What they said sounded very familiar. And important. Because there are other places where you can find a small community—where the bonds you forge will never dissolve. You can find it on a tiny boat in the rivers of Vietnam's Mekong Delta. You can even find it in the Senate—sometimes.

Someone described to me what it's like walking into Gund for dinner after your girl friend breaks up with you. You see every single person staring to make sure you're all right. I thought, “Sounds like walking into the Democratic Caucus after that first New Hampshire poll.”

The fact is, the Kenyon grads in Washington didn't agree on everything. But they agreed that Kenyon is a place where you have the luxury of examining an idea not for whether it sounds good but for whether it is good.

Actually, one Kenyon parent told me something that bothered him. His son took Quest for Justice his first semester here. That's not what bothered him. But, the class met early in the morning, and his son made every class. After years of pushing his kid to get out of bed, the father wanted to know, “What changed?” His son said, “Dad, I could disappoint you. But not Professor Baumann.”

And that brings up one of the things I want to talk about. For the Election Day event that united us was a disappointment. There's no way around it. Even as we flew in over Columbus this morning, I was looking down at the Ohio landscape, thinking: we came so close. So what. You cannot go through life without disappointment. No team, no politician, no writer, no scientist—no one avoids defeat.

The question is: what do you do next?

It's simple: you pick yourself up and keep on fighting. Losing a battle doesn't mean you've lost the war. Whether it's a term paper, an experiment or a race for President, you will learn from experience, and experience breeds success.

That's important, because frankly there are so many things to fight for. By that, I don't just mean the things we fight over in the halls of Congress. Kenyon produces graduates that produce our literature and drama—like E.L. Doctorow did with *The March*, 54 years after leaving Gambier. Or